

## The Cause of Senator Hill's Death.

Epithelioma, or skin cancer, is entitled to be classed with the other carcinomas, or cancer proper. Its seat is always in the skin, or mucous membrane, or both, and it may force its way into deeper structures, invading lymphatic and other glands, and infiltrating the surrounding tissues. It is generally occasioned by the long-continued or frequently repeated application of an irritant, as in the case of Senator Hill, who had the peculiar habit of holding a cigar almost constantly in his mouth, and keeping the nicotine-coated end against the left side of his tongue. This was, no doubt, the exciting cause in his case. It is well known that the Senator inherited a predisposition to cancer, having lost a sister several years ago by the same disease. Many instances are on record where the disease has been traced to a short-stemmed pipe.

Each of the millions of little round cells is a section of epithelioma endowed with the power of reproduction, and the cells migrate and colonize and feed upon the surrounding tissues. About three years ago Senator Hill observed a little fissure on the right side of his tongue. Aside from slight pain and occasional inconveniences nothing was thought of it. As it grew worse he consulted a physician, and was told that it would soon heal. Had Senator Hill removed the exciting cause by removing the ever-present cigar the chances are that it would have healed kindly. Soon an ulcer formed, and the destruction of tissue and life began. The disease grew daily worse. Finally, after a long and fatal delay, his friends induced him to visit Prof. S. D. Gross, of this city, only to hear the great surgeon pronounce those ominous words, "Too late." Dr. Gross held a consultation with some of his colleagues, and it was decided to remove as much of the diseased tongue as possible. On the 22d of July last Dr. Gross and other surgeons were in waiting at the Jefferson College Hospital. When Senator Hill entered a smile played upon his features, and he humorously remarked that there were a great many people in this country that would like to see his entire tongue extirpated. The ether was now administered. A section of the left side of the tongue, about two inches long and half an inch wide, was removed. The bleeding was for a few moments profuse, but the arteries were caught and the red current quickly ceased.

For weeks he lived on liquid food, and in a remarkably short time had so far recovered that he was sent to Atlantic City to hasten the recuperation, and afterward he joined his daughter in Washington. But the disease advanced with such rapidity that six weeks after the first operation he was forced to return and undergo a second ordeal, greater than the first. He was now despondent and had little hope of final restoration; but the Senator submitted, clearly understanding that he could gain only temporary relief. Dr. Gross now removed a large part of the root of the tongue and all the sublingual glands found to be involved. An incision was also carried down the neck for a few inches and several diseased lymphatic glands were taken out. This was a bloody operation, as the knife severed many blood-vessels in its course. The wound on the neck was drawn together with silk stitches, and free drainage established. The Senator recovered very slowly from this operation, and as soon as he was able to travel he left for his home in Atlanta, taking with him one of the resident assistants at the hospital. Subsequently he went to Eureka Springs and spent a month. Returning a third time, Dr. Gross introduced a drainage tube into the opening under the jaw. On his third visit he was much emaciated and showed signs of the fast approaching end. For more than a year every movement of the tongue in articulation, mastication and swallowing caused great suffering. At his death the cancer had extended back to the throat and had destroyed the tonsil, palate and all the soft tissues on the left side. The cancer had excoerated the tissues surrounding the carotid artery until it was visible to the eye. Unable to swallow on account of the destruction of the soft palate and muscles of deglutition, the Senator's nourishment was for some time injected into the stomach by means of a tube passed down the esophagus or gullet. The introduction of this tube caused so much pain that the Senator many times refused the nourishment and declared death preferable to the operation. Beef-tea and milk-punch constituted his diet. The immediate cause of death was blood poisoning and exhaustion.—*Philadelphia Press.*

## Friction.

That machine will run the smoothest, the fastest and the longest which has the least friction. The farmer realizes that his horses are wearied out and die young, often, because of this extra strain upon them which comes from without. But this is not the only kind of friction with which they are familiar. There is a friction which is due to the make-up of the animal. Some horses are constantly fretting and fuming and wearing themselves out, while others go steadily along with their load and never turn aside to fret themselves. These last possess the staying qualities which are valuable in horses or in men.

Now it is possible to decrease the amount of friction, both external and internal. It is, and ever should be, the aim of the good farmer to buy machines which have least friction. And the inventor who does most in this line will win both fortune and renown. Comparing the tools and machines now in use with those used fifty years ago it will be seen at once that a great advance has been made in this particular.

But men are much like horses. They

are very largely in the harness and pulling heavy loads. And many of them are breaking down in health, or complaining bitterly of their lot, when there really is no need of it. Friction is killing them or sowing their nature. And this friction comes often-times from without, and oft-times from within. One man is being crushed between millstones which he cannot lift off or put far down beneath his feet. But this is not often the case, and when it is the best thing that man can do is to leave that position at once at any sacrifice. But much of the friction of life which comes from without may, or might by forethought and good judgment, be avoided. Many cruel words are received by, and unkind deeds done to, those who have not tact sufficient to leave certain words unsaid or questions unasked. Some persons never know when not to put a question. Some other persons never fail to put it exactly at the right time. One gets a curt, cold or insulting reply. The other receives a courteous and full answer. One wins respect, the other contempt. Now this galls and frets the tactless one, but if he only knew human nature better, he—perhaps more often she—might have avoided it. You may be constantly in company with another of greater slowness or quickness. If the latter, one moment's haste on your part may make him pleasant all day. If he is slower than you and you keep steadily step with him for a brief time, it may smooth your path. In other words, tact to see and know the fitness of things and willingness on your part to make concessions to meet their demands, will generally win the day. It makes no difference who the other party is; whether between parents and children, husband and wife, teacher and scholars, business partners, ministers and people, whoever the other party may be, tact, kindness and a willingness to bend will save a great deal of the wear and tear of life. We do not say all, but it is worth trying to see how much.

But the fact remains that more friction comes from within ourselves than from without. Ambition, envy and the legion of foul spirits which attend these, unite to wear away the heart. How often do they succeed in squeezing out the juices of life, and leaving it but a dry, bitter rind. And then the man looks out upon the world and thinks it all as dry and bitter as his own heart. What is this beautiful world and the great loving hearts in it to such a soul? No wonder he cannot comprehend them. What we need, each one, is to cultivate fruit, and by so doing kill out the weeds. Rejoice in others' prosperity, and then we shall not envy their good fortune. Think of our blessings, and then we shall not revile our hard lot. Look for flowers, and rainbows, and gorgeous sunsets, not for clouds, and fog, and rain. We need to think more of our fellow-men and forget self. We need to live in the sunlight of the presence of God, and our hearts shall sing a new song of gladness, peace and love. Then shall we have conquered the frictions of life, and in this light and this spirit, we shall ever do our best work—workers for God, workers for man, and thereby workers for our best selves.—*Golden Rule.*

## Leigh Smith's Story of His Arctic Experiences.

A recent London dispatch says: The steamer *Hope*, commanded by Sir Allen Young, C. B., which left here in June last in search of the crew of the *Eira*, has arrived at Peterhead with the entire crew of that vessel. The *Hope* picked them up in Matoshkin Straits, Nova Zembla, the 3d of August, they having lost their ship off Franz Josef Land and journeyed in boats to the straits, through the ice. Leigh Smith, commander of the *Eira* expedition, gives the following account of his experience:

"On July 13, 1881, we steamed through pack-ice, and ten days later sighted Franz Josef Land. We proceeded toward Cape Ludlow, which was close to the pack to the northward. August 2 we went up Nightingale Sound and thence to Eira Harbor, and erected a store-house. On the 16th we started east to look for the Jeannette, but were unable to pass Berent Hook. On August 21 the *Eira* got nipped between a land-floe and pack-ice a mile east of Cape Flora, and sank before we were able to save many of the stores. We built a hut on Cape Flora of turf and stones, and covered it with sails. We wintered there, and during the whole time no signs of scurvy appeared. Twenty-nine walrus and thirty-six bears were killed and eaten. We left Cape Flora June 21, 1882, in four boats, sailed eighty miles without seeing any ice, and reached Nova Zembla August 2. When the *Eira* was nipped the leak gained so rapidly that in two hours after it had been discovered it was necessary to abandon the ship. Hardly had the last man left the vessel when the ice ceased and the *Eira* rapidly sank. A tent was first erected on the ice, and the house was subsequently built."

All the boats of the *Eira* were saved. Most of the men saved some clothes and bedding. For sixteen nights the crew slept in a tent, from which they were at times almost floated out by rain.

—A Canadian medical journal is the authority for the assertion that acute articular rheumatism has been cured by fasting during four to eight days. Chronic rheumatism is harder to deal with. Cold water or a moderate allowance of lemonade was given the patients. Dr. Wood, of Bishop's College, Montreal, believes that rheumatism is only a phase of indigestion. Absolute rest to the viscera is the only way to a certain cure. Simple abstinence from food, he finds, gives excellent results.

## Religious Department.

### DAILY STRENGTH FOR DAILY DUTIES.

Open the East Gate now,  
And let the day come in,  
The day with unstained brow,  
Untouched by care or sin.  
For he who watch and wait,  
Wait with the birds and dew;  
Open the Eastern Gate,  
And let the daylight through.

Uplift thy daily toll,  
With brain all fresh and clear,  
Strong hands that have no soil,  
A heart untroubled by fear.  
Marching unto thy room,  
Marching unto thy rest—  
When shadows lengthen, soon  
Come calm and peaceful rest.

Open the Western Gate,  
And let the daylight go,  
In pomp of royal state,  
In robes and under glow.  
It is so late, so late,  
The birds sing sweet and low—  
Open the Western Gate,  
And let the daylight go.

Lay down thy daily toll,  
Glad of thy labor done,  
Glad of the night's assent,  
Glad of the dawn's dawn.  
With hearts that fondly wait,  
With grateful hearts aglow,  
Pray at the Western Gate,  
And let the daylight go.

Pray at the Eastern Gate  
For all the day can ask;  
Pray at the Western Gate,  
Holding thy finished task.  
It is so late, so late,  
The night falls cold and gray;  
But through Life's Western Gate  
Dawns Life's Eternal Day.  
—*Mary A. Barr, in London Baptist.*

### International Sunday-School Lessons.

THIRD QUARTER.  
Sept. 3.—Love to God and Men. Mark 12:28-44.  
Sept. 10.—Calanthe's Foretold. Mark 13:1-23.  
Sept. 17.—Watchfulness Enjoined. Mark 13:24-37.  
Sept. 24.—Review.  
Oct. 1.—The Anointing at Bethany. Mark 14:1-11.  
Oct. 8.—The Passover. Mark 14:12-21.  
Oct. 15.—The Lord's Supper. Mark 14:22-31.  
Oct. 22.—Jesus in the Garden. Mark 14:32-42.  
Oct. 29.—Jesus Betrayed and Taken. Mark 14:43-54.  
Nov. 5.—Jesus Before the Council. Mark 14:55-72.  
Nov. 12.—Jesus Before Pilate. Mark 15:1-15.  
Nov. 19.—Jesus Mocked and Crucified. Mark 15:16-23.  
Nov. 26.—His Death on the Cross. Mark 15:24-37.  
Dec. 3.—After His Death. Mark 15:38-47.  
Dec. 10.—His Resurrection. Mark 16:1-8.  
Dec. 17.—After His Resurrection. Mark 16:9-23.  
Dec. 24.—Lesson Selected by the School.  
Dec. 31.—Review.

### Afraid of Happiness.

From miseducation, by inheritance, and partly by a subtle, warning instinct, many of us are really afraid of being very happy. When the cup is brimming, we fear that it will be dashed from our lips. When the fortunes of the family are prosperous, we dread some chill blast of adversity. When the rose of health flushes the children's cheeks, and their eyes are beaming, and their light feet are making music in the house, we have a lurking uneasiness lest fever or pestilence shall appear. There are few people who enjoy life, as it comes every day, without apprehension or question, and with the unembarrassed, unshadowed bliss of childhood. In later years, as we become careworn and burdened, we get to feeling that sorrow is to be the natural accompaniment of our lives, and joy the exceptional condition. But is it right to accept the elegiac, minor tone of that hymn which says:

We should suspect some danger near  
When we possess delight.  
Rather let us exclaim:  
Why should the children of a King  
Go mourning all the day?

God's children, guarded by His providence, sheltered by His love, watched over by His angels, kept by His grace, hopeful of His Heaven, have a right to be happy. And it is distrust—when we sit it to the bottom—which makes us feel the chill wind and the cold shade when life is at its best and fairest.

Distrust of what? Why, of the infinite wisdom of the infinitely Loving One. The mother bending over the cradle, if her babe and herself are consecrated to the Lord, has a divine warrant for rejoicing. The joy of the Lord is her strength, if it is any one's in the universe. The pastor, the father, the toiler, the merchant, the laborer, whoever and wherever he be—who is God's child in conscious peace with Him—has upon him the obligation not to be too afraid of happiness.

Of course, temperament and health have something to do with joyousness, or the reverse. Abundant vitality and exultant physical vigor are apt to insure cheerfulness. But you shall enter sick rooms where God's children, shut in from participation with the activities of the world, and racked with fierce pangs, have their songs in the night. They are not afraid of happiness, though the happiness which comes to them wears the guise of what the strong and well call affliction. Many a wan face is so lighted by faith, that its spiritual beauty is a daily rebuke to those who dwell within its atmosphere of serenity.

Accepting what our Father sends us, let us dare to be glad when He gives us causes for gladness. It is a miserable creed which shuts mirth out of doors, and regards innocent laughter as sinful. Only they can be happy who walk through this world with eyes looking beyond it to the better and ever-blooming "sweet fields" that are "dressed in living green," that await them when they shall have crossed the flood. And they shall take all the happiness that comes to them as an earnest of the glory they shall receive in the mansions above.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

### Whipping the Gods.

To be able to thank God that one is "not as other men are" is, unquestionably, to many a great enhancement of the sweetness of prayer. How cold had been the devotion of the Pharisee in the impressive parable, but for the eye he was able to cast now and then on the disreputable publican, very properly too

much ashamed of himself to hold up his head, like a man, before God! And yet, spite of the best of efforts, how cruelly is the comfort of this kind of indulgence ever getting interfered with!

At the first start, few things would seem to enter more richly to the sense of spiritual superiority than reading about the religious customs of other ages and races. Look, for example, at those extraordinary Chinese, and the way they have of dealing with their gods in seasons of drought and flood. For a while, and until matters get very bad, the curious creatures show their deities every mark of respect, making daily offerings to them of rice and incense. But when, at last, such devotion does no good, and the drought increases and the floods rise higher, then does it begin to be felt that resort must be had to more decisive measures. Religion shall either mean something or nothing. So, wrathfully are the sacred images dragged out into the public square, and then and there soundly whipped. With every lash, taunts and insults are added. "A pretty god, forsooth, who have had bushels of rice and pounds of frankincense bestowed on you, and here is the grain withering up or the fields a foot deep in water!"

Now, of course, as a devout Christian, the reader is duly shocked at all this, and asks in his humility: "Is it possible that the Chinaman and I belong to the same religious species?" The more he muses, the wider the abyss that opens up between himself and the idolator, until, in a sudden flash of revelation, a Nathan stands before him, and a voice rings out: "Thou art the man! I am the man? What, I, child of Christianity; heir of the science of the nineteenth century, 'I whip the gods?' Stoutly is he disposed to dispute with the prophet his stern challenge, till he finds himself borne down upon with a pertinacity of argument and instance that compels silence. "Whip my gods!" he cries. "When and where?" "Every day of your life, in public and in private." "But I have no brute images to drag out and wreak myself on," he resolutely answers. "Nay, but you make images, and on them you vent no end of complaint and vexation, at times, of wrath and cursing." When and where, I demand once more?" "Every day when you couple ury names with the heat and cold, and are at war with half the physical ordinations of life; every day you brood in gloom that you have but one talent instead of ten, when you suddenly demand why you were ever put into such a world as this. Answer like a man, why do you indulge in all this but to get relief, to wreak yourself on something, to hurt some one—plainly and bluntly to put it, to make your god feel bad, to wake him, if you can, to a sense of the shame and wrong of serving you after such a fashion. Now, whatever lofty names you bestow on such heroic mood, what does it all in reality amount to but to a puerile and silly whipping of the gods?"—*Francis Tilling.*

### Cordiality.


A June sun is better than a December frost for fruit and flowers. So is a warm and mellow church, cordial and genial in its affiliation and sympathies, better for the winning of men to Christ than a cold, technically correct and eminently proper church. Wouldn't it be a delightful reception to give the returning pastor this fall a present of a church glowing with fervent, scintillating love for mankind and for the God of love? How it would rejoice his heart to find in place of every discordant note among his membership, a reign of concord, of unity, of harmony. What a glorious surprise it would be to him! What a spirit of power would flash from all these churches, melting hearts that now resist the truth! We would like to receive a call from every pastor when it dawned upon him that in his church every man and woman had been emancipated from the bonds of technicalities, from the serfdom of irritability, from the slavery of envious, jealous or stubborn natures.

But it would do a greater good than is compassed by the thought of pleasing a returning pastor. It would be the true cordiality to extend to new members of the congregation and to those out of the pale of the church. There would be the right ring to the heartiness expressed by one in perfect accord with all the brethren. Many a Christian thinks that cordiality consists in a cheery welcome, but it must go deeper. It must permeate the entire life, that all the associations shall reveal a cordial spirit. Let us strive to make Christianity savory and relishable. Let us show the world that in associating with us there will be no danger of hearing disagreeable things said of any human being. Let us be so clean in speech, so frank in dealing, so forgiving and charitable in spirit, as to give our daily life an aroma that shall attract men to our presence.

Put on therefore kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, long-suffering, forbearing one another, forgiving one another.—*Golden Rule.*

—A New York doctor, in response to an advertisement, "wanted a small capital for business purposes," paid a "returned Californian" \$300 for an \$8,000 gold "brick." The brick not making its appearance, the doctor had the "returned Californian" arrested, but the justice discharged him on the ground that the doctor must have thought that if the brick were genuine the alleged Californian had not come honestly by it.—*N. Y. Times.*

—York and Lancaster counties, Pennsylvania, manufacture about one-tenth of all the cigars made in the United States.

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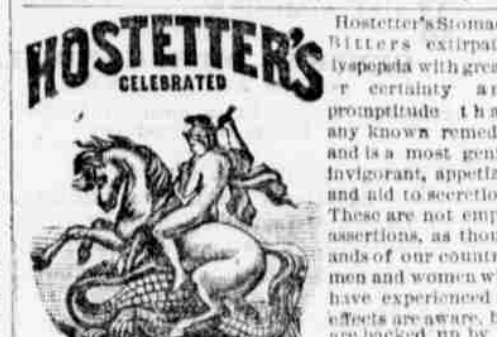
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